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Tributes to

Abraham Lincoln

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources providing testimonials lauding the 16th President of the United States

Surnames beginning with

Morgen-My

From the files of the Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

71.2009.085.0217

Morgenstern

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS Feb. 10, 1974 Chicago, Ill.

~~Charnes, Gloria L.~~

Minding my business

'He had lived long enough; he could die'

Chi Trib. 2-10-74

By George Morgenstern

In an age of shoddy politics and flawed leaders, it is well to contemplate that Abraham Lincoln who walks eternally at midnight, a man, as Vachel Lindsay wrote, who "will not rest: . . . among us, as in times before." We have peered into the solitude of his eyes at the Lincoln Memorial in Washington and in hundreds of photographs taken in his lifetime, and we have seen the death mask after he had been fatally shot by an assassin in a box at Ford's Opera House almost 109 years ago.

Two days from now we shall recall his birth 165 years ago in a log cabin in Hardin County, Ky., and know that he, as we, was mortal. We will remember the melancholy refrain so often in his head and on his lips, "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" It has been said that he forgot himself into immorality, and that out of the tragic sense of life he pitied where others blamed.

His natural piety and moral magnanimity are expressed in such lines as those of Emily Dickinson:

I have no time to hate because the grave would hinder me;
And life is not so simple I could finish enmity.

Had he survived the War Between the States, he would have visited no vengeance upon his adversaries. He would have acted, as he said at Gettysburg, "with malice toward none; with charity for all."

And, indeed, he shared much with these men who were devoted to a different cause. The portrait of Gen. Robert E. Lee, commander of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, still occupies an honored place at the Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated in 1829, the son of Light-Horse Harry Lee, the great cavalry commander and hero of the War of the Revolution.

Among Robert E. Lee's West Point contemporaries were Jefferson Davis, later president of the Confederate States of America, and men who became Lee's comrades in arms in the ranks of the South. These were Albert Sidney Johnston, victor over Grant at Shiloh but killed in action there three years before Lincoln's death; Joseph E. Johnston, the ill-fated commander defeated by Grant at Vicksburg, outmaneuvered by Sherman in Tennessee, and the last Confederate commander to surrender in 1865; and Leonidas Polk, famous in the Confederacy as the "fighting bishop."

What did these men who rallied to a flag other than that of the Union share with Lincoln? Perhaps more than anything else the antique virtue of equanimity, which may be set even above courage. It is a state of mind which submits itself willingly to the judgment of time, in the consciousness of righteous effort and in the humble admission that the finite mind cannot be infallible.

Lincoln was conscious of his limitations as well as of his duty and opportunity. He had a fatalism which induced him to say to his aide, Col. Crook, on the last day of his life, "Crook, do you know, I believe there are men who want to take my life? If it is done, it is impossible to prevent it."

Lee accepted inevitable defeat with resignation and retired to the family home at Arlington in such straitened circumstances that the final acre of his once considerable land holdings was confiscated for taxes. He lived out the final five years of his life according to his one notable apothegm, that "duty" was the most sublime word in the English language.

Celebrated thruout the world for his genius in the field and his unshakable character, he renounced honors and awards. He was offered a manor house in England, with an annuity; the control of large corporations in New York; the governorship of Virginia; command of the Romanian army, and the presidency of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad.

He had, he said, "a self-imposed task: I have led the young men of the South in battle. I have seen many of them die on the field. I shall devote my remaining energies to training young men to do their duty in life." And, at the gaunt salary of $1,500 a year, he accepted the presidency of poverty-stricken Washington College — "to accomplish something for the benefit of mankind and the honor of God."

Albert Sidney Johnston died in the Peach Orchard at Shiloh breaths away from victory, but perhaps the most haunting of the great Confederate commanders was Thomas Jonathan [Stonewall] Jackson, mortally wounded at Chancellorsville in May, 1863, by accidental fire of his own troops. His shattered left arm was amputated in the field. He lingered 10 days. His wife came to him, read him the Psalms, and sang to him a hymn, "Show Pity, Lord."

Jackson's last words were, "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." They provided a curious parallel to Lincoln's last dream of an indescribable vessel floating rapidly to an unknown shore.

All of these men lived and died in the detached purity of a resignation that accepted the human condition on its own terms. When word of Lincoln's death reached a grieving outside world, perhaps the message of the people of Caen, France, best expressed the universal sentiment. They spoke not in pity, because Lincoln had prevented the dismemberment of his country and had abolished slavery. He had, they said, "lived long enough; he could die."

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Morrell, S. R.

S. R. MORRELL APPRAISES EMANCIPATOR

Y. M. C. A. Worker Says Negroes Love Lincoln But Have New Viewpoint

"Although Abraham Lincoln belongs to the ages, there is no age to which he belongs as much as to that in which he lived and no race to which he belongs more than to the negro race," Samuel R. Morsell in charge of Y. M. C. A. work among the negroes of this city told the members of the White Plains Exchange Club at their regular weekly meeting held last night at the White Plains Belmont Hotel.

"The negroes claim him as their Father Abraham who took away the auction slave block and all the cruelties that went with it," he continued. "For generations after the Civil War, negro mothers taught their children the Lincoln tradition which was to all intents and purposes a religion in that day," he said. "Thirty, forty or fifty years ago, no negro would dare utter in the presence of his own people, any word of thought of disloyalty to Lincoln. This almost holy regard for the name of Lincoln was passed on from generation to generation among the negro people."

"However," he said, "as far back as 20 or 30 years ago, a change set in and increasingly the negro has come to regard Lincoln from a different angle, due to two causes, the first being Lincoln's identification with the Republican party and secondly, the commonly known facts of history as to the real reasons for the Emancipation Proclamation."

Shifting Trend

"In the first place," continued the speaker, "in a large measure the Republican party, because Lincoln was its standard bearer, came in for a share of the negro's gratitude for the gift of freedom, but due to the varying political vicissitudes of the negro's experience with the Republican party he has become disillusioned. In this connection it might be pointed out that the day was when any political demagogue could address a negro political meeting and stirthem to the highest frenzy by his appeal to their sense of gratitude to the Republican party whose leader Lincoln had given them their freedom.

"The negro has long since discovered the inconsistency between much of the Republican party's practices where he is concerned and the true spirit of the immortal Lincoln. This accounts for the falling away from the ranks of this party of such numbers of politically independent thinking negroes of the younger generation. The most convincing illustration of this is to be found in the increasingly strong following of the Socialist and Democratic parties among the negroes of New York City.

"It is easy to see therefore how the Lincoln, the Emancipator, has in a certain degree, gone the way of the Republican party of the early days so far as the sentimental affectionof the negro is concerned.

"In the second place," said Mr. Morsel, "the old Lincoln tradition has undergone a change in the mind of the later generations of negroes because of their increasing education and with that a greater knowledge of the facts back of the Emancipation Proclamation itself. They know now that while Father Abraham struck from their bodies, the shackles of bondage, he did it not because of his great love for them as negroes, but because of his violent hatred of the institution of human slavery and of his resolution to preserve the Union at any cost."

Final Appraisal

"These two causes have led to what will ultimately become the negroes' final and permanent appraisal of Abraham Lincoln and this will be found to be identical with that of all other American citizens," he said. "The young negro child no longer gets his story of Lincoln, the liberator and martyr, at his mother's knee by the fireside, but he gets the facts in the public schools along with his fellow white schoolmates.

"The negro's idea of the emancipation quite naturally was wholly inadequate. To his mind, his physical emancipation meant total emancipation, but beginning dimly at first and gradually increasing, he came to know that his liberation from enslavement would never be complete until it embraced every aspect of his whole life.

"The sixty or more years since the Civil War," he continued, "have therefore been years of heroic effort, both on the part of the negro himself and on the part of his countless white friends, especially in the north, to complete this emancipation in his economic, social, educational and religious life.

"When the story is fully known," said Mr. Morsell, "of the sacrifices which the plain people among this under-privileged race have made in order that the benefits of liberal education, an increasingly improved tpye of home life, an intelligent religion, increasing skill and labor —when the story is finally known, the fair-minded people of America will come to recognize that any race with such heroic stuff as this in them, has a great contribution to make to the progress of the nation.

"All those who help to further this onward march to fuller freedom for the twelve million children of the emancipated slaves," he said in closing, "are in a very real sense, the spiritual successors of Abraham Lincoln, their motives will be Lincoln's, namely a violent hatred of human enslavement of the spiritual kind and their determination to preserve our beloved country in the light of our great national ideas."

During the evening the Jubilee Quartet, a group of local singers, offered a number of negro spirituals.

WHITE PLAINS N. Y. PRESS
FEBRUARY 13, 1930

SAYS POLITICIANS CHANGED NEGROES' VIEW OF LINCOLN

Still Revere Him, But Resent Effort to Deliver Them Into Political Bondage, Morsell Says.

The present generation of Negroes has a different conception of Abraham Lincoln than the liberated slaves and their children, Samuel E. Morsell, secretary of the Colored Branch of the Y. M. C. A., told the members of the Exchange Club at their meeting last night at the Belmont Hotel.

The Negroes who had been slaves idolized Lincoln, almost to the point of making him a god. Father Abraham meant something real to the former slaves and their children. They revered him, almost worshipped him. They had no knowledge of statecraft or politics. All they knew was that the Emancipation Act had brought them freedom from bondage. They thought that Lincoln's act had been prompted altogether by a love of them.

There has come a change, Mr. Morsell declared. The figure of Abraham Lincoln has not dimmed in the eyes of the Negro. He is loved none the less by the descendants of those he freed. But he takes on a different aspect in their valuation.

Mr. Morsell said that one reason for the reappraisal was that the Negro has grown tired of the efforts of the Republican Party to keep members of the race voting for that party on the ground alone that Abraham Lincoln was a Republican president. He said that the Negroes of today do not look kindly at this effort that has been going on ever since the Civil War to deliver them into political bondage, because of Lincoln alone. The constant pounding on this theme by political orators at Negro meetings has come to introduce the political Lincoln to the Negro.

The younger colored people, too, he said, now realize that the Emancipation Act was not prompted merely by Lincoln's love for the Negro. They have come to know something of statesmanship. They have studied Lincoln's life from the broadest viewpoints. Their reverence for him as a statesman, as one with the greatest of courage to act as he did in the face of the opposition that was ranged against him, is not any less than that of their fathers, although on a different basis.

Mr. Morsell told of the struggles of the Negro from the days of slavery up to the present time. He likened their emerging from bondage to a man's standing on a railroad platform and suddenly being told to leap aboard an express train crashing by at full speed. The express represented American civilization, the fastest in the world. The wonder of it is, said Mr. Morsell, that any at all were able to make the leap safely, and not that some members of the race were torn and bruised in trying to adjust themselves to new conditions.

The Negro of today, said the secretary, is still striving towards freedom, religious, economic and social. None of these has as yet come to him, but the race is going upwards towards them as their goal. In closing Mr. Morsell spoke of the great work that the Young Men's Christian Association is doing for the colored youth of the land. He asked for cooperation in the effort in that direction which is being made here.

Richard H. Levet, president of the club, presided. The Rev. C. Sumner Osgood, pastor of the Chatterton Hill Congregational Church, was in charge. James R. Stevenson, president of the Y. M. C. A., was among the guests.

The Peerless Jubilee Singers, a quartet of local colored men, rendered selections during the evening. The members are Harold E. Jenkins, first tenor, Leon A. Emanuel, second tenor, Frederick McIver, first bass, Samuel Whitfield, second bass.

Next Wednesday night Exchange will have one of its big meetings of the year. Henry D. Bailey, film cartoonist, whose home is in Hawthorne, will be the speaker. The Hawthorne Men's Club members are taking a good deal of interest in the appearance here of Mr. Bailey, and there will be about 80 of them in attendance.

[illegible] REPORTER
FEBRUARY 13, 1930

Morris, William

By WILLIAM MORRIS

Lincoln, a Man Who Grew—In Him To-day Is Seen America As It Is and As It Can Become—His Fine, Sad Life a Lesson and a Legend

It is a source of wonder that with each recurring anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln more and ever more can be written about him ~~without detracting~~ from his greatness. Historians and biographers have dug deeply into his life, facts have been piled mountains high, the known facts have been studied and interpreted—and yet he remains the same giant figure.

In these days of "interpretive" biographies, of "debunking" and of the most intensive critical research Lincoln has been subjected to the most searching scrutiny, and he emerges greater than ever.

Time has justified the deeply moving estimate of James Russell Lowell in the Commemoration Ode, in which the poet writes of Lincoln as having been fashioned of the warm earth of America in the mold of the great country he loved and served.

* * *

It is now pretty generally agreed that Lincoln was a mere conventional Illinois politician up to two or three years before his election as President. He had served in the Legislature, he had gone to Congress, he had been a prime mover in the grotesque nomination of Zachary Taylor and he had been a leading spoils politician, and that was all.

He was an honest man, his honesty being a tradition in his parts. He was a good lawyer. He had been sentimentally opposed to the institution of slavery. But he was one of the obscurest of men, and apparently doomed to remain so.

A Congressman during the latter years of the Polk Administration he was so obscure that he is not even mentioned in the minute diary of that President, recently made public.

* * *

With his "House Divided" speech Lincoln became a new man. He had just been nominated for United States Senator against Stephen A. Douglass and for the first time he read his speech. He spoke: "Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward until it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new; North as well as South."

Then he reached his climax: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall. But I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other."

That speech, reported all over the country, was a political event of the first moment. A new national figure streaked across the sky. A man had spoken who was not afraid to speak what was in the minds of millions. That speech defeated Lincoln for Senator, but it made him President and saved the Union and wiped out the infamy of chattel slavery under the American flag.

* * *

After one of his great speeches in that battle a scholar said: "His manner was impassioned and he seemed transfigured. His listeners felt that he believed every word he said and that, like Martin Luther, he would go to the stake rather than abate one jot or tittle of it."

That was not the country politician who traded votes and influence and jobs. That was the Lincoln of the Gettysburg address, of the Bixby letter, of the Second inaugural; that was the Lincoln who is enshrined in the great memorial in Washington.

That is the Lincoln who said, "Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in our bosoms. Our defense is the preservation of the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men in all lands everywhere. Destroy this spirit and you have planted the seeds of dispotism around your own doors. Familiarize yourself with the chains of bondage and you are preparing your own limbs to wear them."

* * *

Lincoln could grow. The little politician of Sangamon County was a good man, but not a great man. He used to speak in the bombastic fashion common to his time. He learned that such language was cheap; he taught himself to write and speak as the master he became. He gave up his cheap type of politics and looked at the clouds—and became great.

One should know William H. Herndon to understand Lincoln's growth. Herndon was his partner and friend, who did not want any favors from the President. Herndon read and dreamed and was on fire for liberty. "Now tell me what's in the books, Billy," Lincoln would say, stretching out his long frame on the office couch, and Billy would tell him about the passion for justice and liberty that transcended party politics. Billy told him about that terrible, that unbearably sad book, "The Impending Crisis in the South," and Lincoln read it and became the Prophet of a new day.

* * *

At first a good fellow, a smart man, so funny "he could make a cat laugh," he became the deep, brooding, loving Father Abraham we honor and revere to-day. In him we see America as it is and as it can become.

BROOKLYN N Y STANDARD UNION
FEBRUARY 12, 1930

Morrow, William

LINCOLN—Another Phase

Profound thoughts, to move the world, must be founded upon equally profound feelings. Inability to comprehend the universal conscience and respond to the universal heart throb, Mr. Lincoln excelled all his contemporaries. He proved himself also equal to the noble men of all ages. Withal there is a caress in his utterance, a clinging fondness of expression, a gathering tenderness that we find in very few of the great writers or speakers of the world. Burns the poet, the Italian humorists a few of them, at their best, strike a similar note now and then. Compare his addresses to those that have been celebrated for force, elegance or comprehension; to the former we return again and again as if refusing to be separated from so choice a spirit. A number of our countrymen have been gifted word-painters; they were masters in phrase-making; at the same time there is something wanting to complete the picture; one reads them for the form not substance. It is much like the singing of a worldly song not a divine one.

Shakespeare in Hamlet stands at the opposite pole of passion; the keynote of that play is hatred, vengeance, damnation. Lincoln gathered into his soul the aspirations of a great people and graced them with lucid speech and noble deed. Hamlet reflects for us the baseness of a foul court. His connection with Ophelia was tainted with the poison of vulgarity. No one would choose for a friend one whose impulses were akin to those of the Prince of Denmark. The gifted poet may have been a reflex of all ages, the universal man; if so, we are happy not to be counted among those who stand for such phases of life.

The prairie gave us him who was possessed of the tenderness of the Scot, the practical mother-wit of the Roman, the sadness of the Greek, the divine philosophy of the Hebrew. We may hear the address at Gettysburg in refrain all the way down life's tide, yet not so distinctly at Rome as in Greece and the Holy Land. Roman poets and orators were too much influenced by the tone of a conquering and domineering race; a race not inspired by sympathy for their kind.

The note of sadness that is born of self-sacrifice is far removed from the Roman; it is a constant quantity in Greece and Palestine. If we were able to grasp in fullness the idiom of the Greek language, we might find in the Antigone of Sophicles, some close kinship with our illustrious countryman. In the veins of the high-born Greek girl flowed the blood of gentleness of lofty devotion to her country, her people, her family. Hamlet would say, "Vengeance is mine and I will repay." The Greek girl would efface herself for the sake of another. She followed her law as she understood it, never doubting but that her God would fully reward her in the life to come. When the Englishman perished there was nothing left but a black wall of despair; everlasting night engulfed them all. As the Greek girl went to her death, we seem to hear already the echo of a glorious, triumphal resurrection. Somewhere it has been written of the pure in heart that they shall see God.

There are some speakers, all too few, to whom we become attached as to one who can take us by the hand and lead us into ways in which we are happy in forgiving and forgetting; there is a benediction for the world of men that seems a token of the eternal morning. There are others to whom we readily hearken, yet between us and them there is an impassable gulf, impassable even if we wished to cross it over. Out from them go, out into an unfeeling street, the very walls encompassing us about and reflecting back a something just a bit removed from the devotion we love to nourish. To some, both in private and public life, we are willing captives; from others we hasten to tear ourselves away. We cannot understand why this is so, nor do we wish to understand. Orators of all degrees of capacity seek in vain for some one with whom to compare Abraham Lincoln. When wrestling with this wondrous personality, they but cry in the dark, reaching up towards the infinite uttering words of feebleness and humility.

He looked forward from four years of anxiety to the time when he could enter upon the career for which he felt himself adapted and for which he longed, to restore again the states to their destined places in the Union; but it was not to be. When he would pluck the rose the thorn was there. He was permitted only to see the desolation of his country.

The history of the nineteenth century has been written. Let the wide world bring forward its claims for nobility of deed, for grandeur of personality. We offer one, who, we fondly believe, stands the peer of them all. Other men were as patriotic, as devoted, as gifted in mere mental capacity. In the ineffable attributes of humanity he surpassed them all.

A man of the people? Yes, familiar with their hopes, their struggle, their defeats and their victories. He was no champion of frozen wealth or cruel stock exchange; he bid not for applause from the lofty, sought no favors from wealth; to him character alone was a recommendation.

Farewell comrade, friend, elder brother! Yet thou hast not died. Above the confused noises of the century, thy voice is still heard pleading the cause of humanity, of undying patriotism. More and more thy form illumes the sky while courts and camps and cabinets keep sinking away into obvivion. Frail was thy poor star at the beginning; later on it grew in magnitude! ere it sunk beyond the horizon it spread its radiance over the family of men. The world is richer for thy life; what loftier tribute could we bring?

Today we live over the past once more; we turn aside from ordinary cares and hopes to take another look at thee, noble man! We remember thee in hours of depression when in sympathy with those who bore the burden and heat of battle; with their loved ones who wept like Rachael of old for those who were and are not. Sinking to rise again to grander heights, standing firm like the everlasting rock, sweeping the sky with they matchless vision, never shrinking from the burden that God and man had placed upon thee.

In our dreams we see the flash of the cruel weapon, hear its hellish report; deep in the night strong men tarried near the death-couch, awaiting the sad messenger, the breaking of thy heart, the passing of thy spirit. Tomorrow a nation is stupefied with grief. Another day a sable procession wends it way across mountain and field and river, back to thy loved prairie home. We took from a proud state her favorite child; we gave back into its bosom the first citizen of the world.

The demon of war claimed the supreme sacrifice. What a typical life was his. He bore the cross but was denied the crown.

The pen lingers fondly, tenderly, lovingly about the final scene. So much of humanity at its best, so thoughtful of others, loving himself last, caring for the widow and the orphan, seeking to bind up his country's wounds, taking upon himself the burden and seeming ever strong enough to bear it, we adore him for what he did and for what he was.

As long as men and women are true to each other and to themselves, illustrious will be the name of Abraham Lincoln.

—WM. MORROW.

February 6.

Morton, Eleanor

Eleanor Morton

Says the Story of 'Our Presidents' Has Always Carried With It the Deserved Honor Held by Our Most Beloved Lincoln

Phil Public Ledger 2-11-28

IT IS stated in news paragraphs that titles are going begging in England because of the prohibitive expense of keeping them up. Writers and artists, and even actors, offered ennoblement shy at the financial responsibility of supporting the glory of a title of honor.

We in this country have sometimes made ourselves rather foolish by the worship of any title at all; even foreigners smile at us because of that. It is charged that one of the reasons for our surprising numbers of "doctors of philosophy" is the hunger we have for a handle before our names.

But though we do have a naive liking for prefixes of honor before our names, and in spite of our naive and youthful admiration of the high-sounding names of Lords and Ladies, of Kings and of Queens, we know that we believe in the end in one title of honor only. We believe in the honorary title which a man or woman builds up by a life of work, of achievement. We create the title then to fit the life we honor. Sometimes it is a designation naive, simple and youthful—"the Father of His Country." Sometimes it is a phrase big with greatness, "the Emancipator."

THERE seems to be an anxious attempt on the part of biographers to keep Lincoln's title to greatness undiminished. It seems to me that all the anxiety expressed or implied is somewhat unnecessary. It may even appear a bit presumptuous for commentators to try with anxious hands to keep the name of Lincoln untarnished. One need only remember that he himself—and he was not an inexpressive man—left unanswered much that is now being defended in historical probings concerning him.

Suppose that the romantic story of Nancy Hanks and her parentage be true? What of it? Suppose Lincoln did love another girl who died, and married Mary Todd not because he cared for her, but in order to save her pride and vanity after their engagement was announced.

Suppose that Lincoln did have a quarrelsome, vain, rather trying woman as wife. What does it prove of Abraham Lincoln? Hardly anything at all, in so far as his life touched ours and belongs to us. What he is to us, the citizens of the United States, is exactly what his designation expresses, "the Emancipator," the great humanitarian. The story of his grandmother, of his first love and of his married life have no part in our life.

THE truth is that Lincoln, and other Presidents as well have proved how astonishingly history has found fortune helping in the selection of that whole body of men to whom we give the highest title we have, that of President. And this may be said in the face of all the modern debunkers of our heroes.

Lincoln has fared well with them; but presently some smart young fellow will look proudy at the world and will cry out that this man whom a generation honored wasn't thus-and-thus, that the "truth is—"

The cult of "analysis" of leading historical figures has, for the most part, been done by persons who sometimes appear almost malicious, even spiteful. Emil Ludwig and Andre Maurois have been more generous than writers in English seem to have the courage to be. Washington was made a drunkard and a libertine and the greatest of the Civil War preachers has been made out a cad and a hypocrite.

Lincoln has been treated well; the greatest historical play of our time, many of us feel, was written about his story, a magnificent character projected against fate. But some of the talk of Lincoln is not praise offered with reverence; often it's sentimental gush and many times it is the writer himself who is glorified and not the man Lincoln of whom he writes. Sometimes, too, one notes in recent articles on Lincoln that the writers seem more anxious to have him prove their pet indignations than his own life-ideals and faith.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN is not only the most winning of our national heroes, nearest to our hearts; he represents the conclusion of a phase of our national history, that began to end with his life. The "log cabin," the "backwoods boy," the "self-taught man," were to go with the advance of public utilities into rural districts, with the invention of the telephone and so on, and with the tremendous impetus given to juvenile public school education in town and country together.

But Lincoln does more than mark the end of a phase in history. He does more than speak for a beautiful faith and love of all humanity—as his whole life does speak of this. He speaks, in addition, for the type of men whom we have bear out title of "President of the United States."

We have made it our fashion—or let us say some of the intellectual leaders have made it their fashion—to speak with a little disdain of the man who may be President. It might be interesting to add up the qualities of both critic and President some time, and to compare them. I wish only to say this: That if you should go over the list of our Presidents, and add up the number of them who were "great men" on the list, the proportion will be found astonishing, impressive.

THE presidency of a great nation asks and demands and sometimes must build up unusual abilities in any man. But, amazingly often, the men who have carried the title of "President" have been not simply adequately able men, but "great men."

We may well feel that the story of "our Presidents," if some time it has missed the impressiveness of Washington's incumbency, if it has lacked the brilliance of Jefferson, the swift power of Roosevelt, yet has always carried with it the honor—deserved—held by Lincoln, the most beloved of Presidents.

MULL, JUNE

Thinks FDR's Attack On Lindy Bit Too Severe

Kennedy (Ind.) Herald-Star 5-2-41

Miss Belle Thomas Girl In Dayton When Vallandigham Arrested.

By June Mull.

"I was so aroused by the comparison of Colonel Lindbergh to Vallandigham, so indignant, I though I couldn't stand it!" said Miss Belle Thomas, 311 South Liberty street.

Yesterday, Miss Thomas, who spent her girlhood in Dayton, O., searched out among old clippings a copy of the "Daily Dayton Journal" which tells of the arrest of Clement Laird Vallandigham, one-time congressman from Ohio, leader of the "Copperheads," the man to whom President Roosevelt referred when discussing Colonel Lindbergh in a press conference.

She was prompted by a comment made in yesterday morning's Star by Dave Boone in his "The Real News Newsreel." Mr. Boone said "one thing this Lindbergh business was to set a lot of folks digging into books to find out who that feller Vallindigham was."

Lived On Best Street.

"People don't need to go to books to find out about Vallandigham; I can tell them," said Miss Thomas, who has passed her ninety-fifth birthday and was a senior in high school in Dayton at the time of the Copperhead leader's arrest.

"James Truslow Adams merely mentions Vallandigham in his history," Miss Thomas said. "The man was an influential politician. His house was on the best street in Daytoy and I can see it iow, with its iron fence around it. I didn't know him personally, only in public life.

"I was a senior in high school and keen for every bit of news about the Civil War. I was scraping lint for bandages. We had no Red Cross then, No surgical gauze. We scraped old linen, of which there was a great deal then.

"In 1862, Vallandingham began saying that the government had no right to fight and that it was impossible for it to win the Civil War. He had become so loud and dangerous by 1863 that the government sent a squad of men to arrest him. The Democratic newspaper, 'The Empire,' (which Vallandingham edited for two years after coming to Dayton in 1847) incited a mob to burn the office of the 'Dayton Daily Journal' and the 'Journal' some way managed to publish this issue."

The four-page, yellow newspaper, in good condition, is about eight by twelve inches in size. It is dated May 6, 1863.

Soldiers Forced Doors.

The "Journal" attributes the mob action to an "inflammatory article" which appeared in "The Empire" the previous evening, May 5, 1863. The 'Journal" reports that the arrest of Mr. Vallandingham "was made about 3 o'clock yesterday morning by a company of the 115th Ohio Regiment sent by General Burnside by special train from Cincinnati. Mr. Vallandingham refused to give himself up voluntarily, which placed the soldiers under the necessity of forcing the doors and seizing him in his house. Some of his friends ran to the engine house and rang the bells, which was doubtless a preconcerted signal to arouse and bring together his friends, but no attempt was made to rescue him. He was taken to the depot, and thence to Cincinnati, where he arrived about 6 o'clock yesterday morning, and was at once conveyed to the military prison on Columbia street. There he remained at last accounts."

(Vallandigham was found guilty of disloyal utterances and conduct and sentenced to close confinement for the war's duration, but President Lincoln commuted the sentence to banishment beyond the Federal lines. From the South the Copperhead leader went to Canada and while in Windsor was nominated for governor by the Democrats of Ohio to be defeated by over 100,000 majority. He returned to Dayton in 1864, again engaged in politics and was a delegate to the national Democratic convention in Chicago. Vallandigham died tragically. He was an attorney and while illustrating in court in Hamilton, O., the manner in which a murder victim was shot accidentally shot himself.)

In its account of Vallandigham's arrest, the "Journal" reports that over thirty other arrests were made by the soldiers. It tells how law enforcement officers were nowhere to be seen, how the mayor and others went to Cincinnati, how some fire companies refused to function, how others had been sabotaged by mobsters.

"About dark," the Journal says, "a swivel was brought into the street from the Empire office and fired several times to bring together a crowd. By 8 o'clock the crowd in front of the Empire office numbered three or four hundred, making the night hideous with their cries. The assault on the Journal was commenced with stones and occasional shots of pistols. Pistol shots, however, became more and more frequent after a time, and there were not less than two hundred shots fired through the windows of the building. Arms had been furnished these rowdies, who had been supplied with whisky during the day to prepare them for the work of destruction at night, regardless of all the terrible consequences that might follow. As soon as it was ascertained there were no persons in the building—as that was doubtless the object of the firing through the windows — the mob crossed the street, forced open the doors, and, after destroying what they could lay their hands upon, set fire to the building in several different places. By 10 o'clock the building was entirely consumed. The fire communicated with several adjoining buildings which were also burnt to the ground. That the burning of the Journal office was prearranged by cooler heads during the day, we have not the least doubt. The whole proceeding gives abundant evidence of this. The telegraph wires were cut, and the track of the Hamilton and Dayton railroad was torn up, in order to delay the arrival of soldiers, expected from Cincinnati. These facts show conclusively that others were concerned in it. We trust and believe those who are really responsible as well as their drunken tools, will be brought to justice."

Under the heading "Mobocracy," the newspaper says that "the disgraceful proceedings of last night were but the legitimate result of the teaching of the Democratic leaders of Montgomery County. The speech of Vallandingham at the courthouse last fall gave us an insight into the designs of the traitorous crew. The Empire, the fit mouthpiece of treason, caught up the revolutionary doctrines of its leaders, and column after column was filled with its threats of vengeance against all who stood by the Union cause.

Doesn't Like Comparison.

"The scenes of the French Revolution were to be re-enacted. * * * Threats against life and property have been of daily occurrence up to the arrest of their leader on Monday night. This was the signal to bring out their forces and endeavor to make history on the French pattern. How well they have succeeded, and the lesson to be learned from it, are subjects for every good citizen to ponder well."

Incidentally, another item in the newspaper reports that "the Copperheads of Jackson Township, Randolph County, Indiana, have harbored deserters, boasting that they should not be taken from them. The appearance of a squad of soldiers skedaddled them quicker than the 'draft' would have done."

Remembering all this, Miss Thomas dislikes the mention of Colone Lindbergh in the same breath with Clement Laird Vallandingham, the Dayton politician.

She doesn't think the flier deserves such treatment.

"Lindbergh," says Miss Thomas, "has been the idol of the people for years. I didn't like that comparison."

And when Miss Thomas doesn't like something—she doesn't like it! And she can tell you ably and fluently just why.

Congressional Record
February 14, 1952

Multer

Abraham Lincoln

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. ABRAHAM J. MULTER

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, February 14, 1952

Mr. MULTER. Mr. Speaker, Lincoln's birthday means different things to different people. To many people it is merely a day off. To others it is an occasion to make political capital, much of which is in the nature of attacks upon those of the opposite political faith.

Since this is an election year, it may be well to assuage the feelings of those attacked, regardless of what causes the attack, by reading to them the following quotation from Abraham Lincoln:

> If I were to try to read, much less answer all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business. I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, 10 angels swearing I was right would make no difference.

My coreligionists like to remember on Abraham Lincoln's birthday, some of the things which he did which are of special significance to them. I enumerate just a few of them.

In 1862, Lincoln prevailed upon Congress to pass legislation that resulted in the appointment of Rabbi Arnold Fischl of New York as the first Jewish chaplain in the United States Army.

During the Civil War he countermanded a military order which would have expelled the Jews from the Department of Tennessee, thus, scotching an attempt at antisemitism.

It was President Lincoln who appointed the first Jew a full fledged minister to a foreign country. Unfortunately, Sigismund Kaufman, of New York, whom he named as Minister to Italy, found it impossible to accept the post.

It was Abraham Jonas of Quincy, Ill., who first suggested Lincoln for president and it was the Jewish community of Alton, Ill., that made the first contribution to a fund for the Lincoln monument in Springfield, Ill.

Abraham Lincoln

EXTENSION OF REMARKS
OF

HON. ABRAHAM J. MULTER

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, February 24, 1955

Mr. MULTER. Mr. Speaker, I am pleased to direct the attention of our colleagues to the editorial entitled "The Great Commoner of Mankind, Abraham Lincoln." It appeared in the East Side News of February 12, 1955, and was written by my good friend, Harry Schlacht.

The editorial follows:

THE GREAT COMMONER OF MANKIND, ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(By Harry H. Schlacht)

One hundred and forty-six years ago a great soul beamed like a morning star on a troubled world.

In a log cabin among the green-clad hills of Kentucky, and in an atmosphere that was similar in its humbleness to the birth of Christ, the first cry of the babe that was Abraham Lincoln fell upon human ears.

He lived for others and sacrificed his all that humanity might live in a better world.

Carlyle said that in Dante 10 silent centuries found a voice.

In Lincoln, America found hers, a voice that pleaded and thrilled and ultimately brought light and life to oppressed mankind.

He was the great commoner of history.

His homely, humble and honest humanity carried him to the heights of rare achievements.

He was a child of the people.

There is no accounting for genius: it has neither ancestors nor descendants, genius is the child of necessity.

Lincoln was the product of a crisis, and a crisis gave birth to his savior.

He was the personification of Americanism, a symbol of all that gives life and strength to the Nation.

His worth is reflected in every impulse of his heart, and in every act of his life, and their splendor shone in one lustrous orbit.

In the firmament of life he moved in a circle all his own, the course of which has never been paralleled.

Lincoln said that "our reliance is in our love of liberty which God has implanted in us."

Our defense is in the spirit which he prized as the heritage of all men everywhere.

He plucked a thorn and planted a flower.

He caused in human beings the hardness to vanish, the pettiness and the cynicism to depart; and in their place he planted flowers of strength and power, love and human kindness.

He knew and obeyed the higher sentiments of his soul.

He traveled the upward trail, for the dedicated his energies to the common good of mankind.

To him America was not so much a place as it was a people, not a creed nor a dream but a breathing thing with a magnificent past and a great future.

Lincoln at Gettysburg was an immortal and soul-stirring scene rich in solemnity and pregnant with historical significance.

Neither the practiced hand of a Raphael nor the art and skill of a Praxiteles could adequately portray it in its original setting.

His Gettysburg address is the fountain spring of the American way of life.

The truths set forth in his historic speech are the foundation stones of free government.

His was the summation of American ideals, a flaming torch for the oppressed peoples of the earth who seek the blessings of liberty.

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

These few words constitute the basis of the entire history of all mankind for human freedom.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any other nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure."

By these words, Lincoln sought to emphasize that the supreme question was the survival of popular government, not only ours by "any nation so conceived and so dedicated."

He climaxed his speech with a plea for a lasting democracy in these words:

"That from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave their last full measure of devotion."

Then followed 14 hisotric words:

"That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

This was a declaration of the eternal and inalienable rights of man.

Standing before the graves of our fallen sons, he told his silent witnesses, and the world that:

"This Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

America needs the spirit of Lincoln.

It needs the rekindling of the love of liberty which will rebel against slavery and enslavement.

The spirit of him must give the soul of America its rebirth.

To every generation of Americans is given the task of carrying forward the torch, of passing on to each succeeding generation undefiled the heritage of America's tradition—a tradition based upon the highest conception of mankind the world has ever known.

We are all the defenders of our faith.

America united is America invincible.

March 1, 1955

Munger, Rev. T.T.

THE CONSCIENCE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Christian Union 1.20.87

By the Rev. T. T. Munger, D.D.

THERE are some great men whose lives when once written do not need to be written again, and others who call out a long succession of biographies. No one now undertakes to write a life of Napoleon unless it be to include new facts; the man is thoroughly understood. Boswell's "Life of Johnson" precludes another, not only because it contains all the facts, but because it fully measures a great yet easily comprehended character. There is another kind of men who hold the eye of the world by some strange fascination, and elude the biographer, however well he may gather and state the facts. It is felt that the whole has not been told or properly interpreted, or that the proportions of character have not been preserved, or that the inner, moving principle of it has not been grasped. Hence Life follows Life until at last some writer both presents all the facts and discloses the secret of the character, and thus satisfies the demand made upon him.

It is such reasons that explain the long list of the Lives of Lincoln. Many of them are full, and ably written, but none of them satisfy either the critics or the people. The explanation lies not so much in the writer as in the subject. The facts of the life of Lincoln are easily ascertained; his career from the first was public, and largely one of record, and was unusually open and unreserved. There was no hidden side of his conduct; his life down to the last detail was open as the day, and Dr. Holland had no difficulty in preparing a fair biography in three months. But the consciousness, the inner man, of Lincoln has thus far escaped his biographers. There is something about the man, sides and depths of character, motives and grounds of action, that we all feel, but do not find set down in the pages hitherto written. The lack is one that possibly may never be made good. There are characters so great, so profound, so elusive, that they yield to no analysis, and are reducible to no form; they blind by the very excess of light in them.

The History of Lincoln now running through the pages of "The Century Magazine" promises to bring us nearer to the real character of this great man than any we have yet had. The work is noteworthy as about to take rank with the few great biographies in the world of literature. Probably no biography was ever more thoroughly written, and upon none certainly was more labor ever bestowed. Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is not more minute, and Carlyle's "Frederick" is not more comprehensive in its array of attending facts. Its literary character is such as might be expected from well-tried authors who are in profound sympathy with their subject. The predominant feeling of a careful reader, as he turns the pages thus far, is the earnestness and even solemnity that overspreads the work. It is deeply characterized by the dignity of a great undertaking, and one feels that the writers have not only entered into the life of their subject, but that much of him has entered into them. Whatever be the analysis, these pages are imbued with the very spirit and essence of the man they depict. Its method seems to be to collect all the facts in any way connected with the life of Lincoln, together with his entire environment—each carried to a fineness and remoteness of detail scarcely ever before attempted—and to so present them that the reader will be able of himself to see and know the man. Still, it is no mere mechanical array of facts that is given us; the writers also, by their intelligence and long communion with the character they depict, become the vehicles of our knowledge, and give us the Lincoln they have discovered. If their later pages bear out the promise of the earlier, we shall have, not only an adequate history of the greatest American, but a history of the war from a new standpoint.

These thorough and minute researches into the early life of Lincoln enable us to see a unity in his character such as we have not hitherto recognized. It has been common to regard him as undergoing a series of political and moral conversions, as slow, uncertain, and hesitating, and as crowded by events to the performance of his great acts. But, so far as the boy is ever the father of the man, the young Lincoln was the image of his full manhood. During the first forty years there was little of an external nature to distinguish him from those about him. Indeed, few men have ever lived closer to their world than did Lincoln; but all along there were clear signs of the same intense moral sense that made him exceptional in his age. His youthhood was pathetic in its poverty and rudeness, but it was absolutely pure, and full of noble ambition. His political life began while yet a boy, but it was based on moral convictions. He cast in his lot with the Whig party—then in hopeless minority—believing it to be right, and endured opposition and defeat until, by sheer force of character, he won recognition and office, for he was early and almost continuously in the public service. Until elected President he was engaged in the minutest details of local politics; but while there was the broadest range of activity—from physical encounters to elaborate addresses—there was not an act nor a position taken but such as grew out of his sense of right. It is this that makes it worth while to write and rewrite, and to mark and inwardly digest, the character of Lincoln—namely, the immense volume and power of his native morality. It was not something that he learned, not a conclusion that he reached by reflection, but an inborn quality that possessed, inspired, and dominated him; it was an endowment like poetic or inventive genius. Other men have possessed it in as great measure, but in Lincoln it was joined to a nature that gave it double intensity. The surprising thing in him is the richness of his sympathies and the delicacy of his entire nature. That it had a rough covering is due to his environment, but it would be hard to match him in the largeness of his generosity, in the keenness of his honor, in the unselfishness of his friendship, in the chivalrousness of his opposition, in the depth and universality of his pity, in his freedom from guile, and in the delicacy of his sentiment. These qualities were the supporters of his conscience, and together they made him the man he was. He reveals in a striking degree the power of morality as a working factor in fields where it would seem to be a hindrance. Lincoln was a man of superior intellect, but it is not sufficient, as in the case of Webster, to account for his success. He won his earliest recognition, and made every advance in his great career, through the moral nature with which he was so richly endowed and to which he was so true. His superiority to Douglas in their lifelong opposition and frequent confronting was moral; otherwise they were equally matched. He was an anti-slavery man from his first thought of and contact with slavery, and he had no occasion to undergo conversion on the subject. Mr. Hay's first remembrance of Lincoln was his rushing into the law office of the elder Hay, trembling with excitement, while he shook a paper and exclaimed, "This will never do! Douglas treats it as a matter of indifference morally whether slavery is voted up or down. I tell you it will never do!"

The same dominating quality possessed him as a lawyer, and brought him some professional discredit, though with considerable accrument to the cause of righteousness. The discovery that he had a guilty client threw him into a mental panic. He once abruptly threw up a case and went to his hotel; when sent for by the judge he refused to return. "Tell the judge that my hands are dirty; I came over to wash them." He would not plead for a man whom he knew to be guilty, knowing the jury would discover the fact in his manner. His conscience possessed him like a sense of chastity in woman, and he resisted its violation by the same divine instinct, bringing his whole conduct up to its absolute standard. If this trait had worn the garb usual to so strenuous a sense of duty, he would have been a less marked figure, and he also would have been more easily understood; but, combined as it was with an infinite

humor and a life in close and unconventional contact with the people, held unconsciously as all great native gifts are, and yet too consciously to feel the need of guarding it, it has not stood out in all the greatness of its proportions. It is not usual to apply the word *genius* to moral qualities, but it is not amiss to say that Lincoln possessed a genius for conscience. It was not a morbid, nor a trained, nor an exacting, nor a narrow conscience, but a native endowment that informed his whole nature, and sat on him with the easy grace with which poetry clothes a Shakespeare.

While the sympathies of Lincoln drew him into intimate relations to his fellow-men, and to such a degree that he is regarded as *par excellence* the man of the people, he was still isolated from them by this same moral superiority, and also by an unsuspected fineness and delicacy of nature. It is said that he had in all his life but one intimate friend—Joshua Speed—and the history of that friendship and of his relations to women which is mingled with it has in it the delicacy of Keats and the chivalry of Bayard. While his conscience was the tower of his strength, it was also the cross of his sacrifice. It lifted him to his high place, and nerved his heart for his great work, but it also brought him into painful contact with a world too rough for a grace so finely attuned. The sadness of the man, though having some root in his early conditions and bodily temperament, sprang chiefly from the isolating effect of high qualities set to hard tasks in a rough and stormy world—"solitary by the vastness of his sympathies." It is the constant fate of genius and greatness, and most of all of the morally great. It is just here that the intellectual force of Lincoln appears in all its fullness. This force of conscience and delicacy of feeling were subordinated to the work assigned to him. Conscience easily runs into fanaticism, and often throws one out of working relations to the world, and delicacy of feeling leads to weakening disgust. Lincoln threw himself into the rough and tumble of the roughest kind of life simply because he found himself in it, and not only kept his superb gifts untarnished, but used them in his work—carrying the cup of the water of his life unspilled in one hand while he fought with the other.

It is such a character that is becoming the basis of the reconciliation of North and South. All great movements turn on men; and mediation is always through a person. It is an interesting fact that the kindly feeling now growing strong between the North and the South springs in no small degree out of admiration and reverence for the great actors in the struggle. The South is coming to be proud of the fact that Lincoln was of Southern origin, and it already apprehends that the man against whose election they protested by rebellion had a heart that never ceased for one instant to beat as warmly for the South as the North, and felt as keenly the death and sorrow of the Gray as of the Blue.

The history of Lincoln illustrates two things: the play of Providence in human affairs, and the force of the human will in character and achievement. Each seems the greater as we look at it. In one light we see only a mere instrument of Providence, born at the right time and in the right place, led step by step to his work, helped here and hindered there, but always for the end in view, fitting the mold of his time like an image, his virtues and his faults alike serving the plan, the accidents of his life working in harmony with his efforts, and dying so as to further and seal the work of Providence. One can look at this side of his life and easily fall into a superstitious view of it—so perfectly fitted is it to the ordained end that it seems to be the work of fate. On the other hand, we see him as a self-moved worker-out of his destiny, fighting his own way at every step, inflamed by a noble ambition, triumphing over obstacles by the sheer force of will, threading his way through complicated scenes with consummate skill, and so thoroughly achieving his destiny that it does not seem necessary to ascribe it to any other force. Each view is equally clear, but they illustrate, not a contradiction, but the unity of the twofold work of God and man. When a man is richly endowed with great gifts and is true to them, God is most manifest in him, and so works through him that the two agencies cannot be distinguished from each other; nor is it necessary to separate them.

J WRIGHT

Murray, Governor
"Alfalfa Bill"
(Oklahoma)

Philadelphia Record
2-12-31

ALFALFA BILL PRAYS FOR A NEW LINCOLN IN TIME OF STRESS

Governor, Speaking at Tomb of Emancipator, Sees Republic Again Menaced.

FLAYS POLITICAL THREAT

See Today's Editorial: "Even Lincoln!"

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Feb. 11 (UP).—Governor "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, of Oklahoma, came to the tomb of Abraham Lincoln tonight to utter a prayer for another Lincoln to take the nation's helm.

Governor Murray, like Lincoln, of humble origin, was one of the speakers at an exercise commemorating the 122d anniversary of the birth of the martyred President.

In a debate with Stephen Douglas, in 1858, Governor Murray recalled, Lincoln spoke of "the eternal struggle between two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world."

Same Struggle Goes On.

"The same struggle is made manifest now as of yore," said Governor Murray, a tall, gray-haired man, with handle-bar mustaches, a man proud of his rural career, proud of his sobriquet, "Alfalfa Bill."

"On this anniversary of the birth of our martyr," the Governor continued, "greater is the necessity for return to his ideas. Just as a nation could not live half free and half slave, so this republic cannot continue by the intrigues of corrupt politicians, the brutality and heartlessness of combined wealth and capital, overlooking the rights of humanity.

"Freedom of the individual by Lincoln was made sure; the happiness and prosperity of the home is now counterpart and urgent requirement.

Threatened by Politics.

"The flag threatened in Lincoln's day by selfishness and brutal slavery is now threatened with cowardly cabinets, with political leadership degenerating into a mercenary appeal to block groups of voters; with statesmanship seeking a remedy through intrigue and barter; with the laws unequally enforced and government too strong for the weak and too weak for the strong. That is the menace which now confronts the banner of the republic.

"Let us no longer divide over party or creed, but unite under Lincoln's call to the spirit of the dead—of the broken lines of Gettysburg's defense braving Pickett's heroic charge, that this 'Nation under God,' a 'Government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.'

"Oh, Father of All Mercies:
"Send us another Lincoln!"

Japanese Envoy Speaks.

Ambassador Katsuji Debuchi, of Japan, also speaking at the anniversary gathering, said that a Lincoln idealism in international relations is the best path to friendly co-operation throughout the world.

"Today we must have his ideal, the welfare of humanity," said the Ambassador. "Today we can approach that ideal by following in Lincoln's path. While maintaining the freedom and independence of each nation, we must approach the solution of our common problems in a spirit of unity.

"Lincoln is not only a great American. He is a great man of the world. He bequeathed ideals on which all humanity might ponder. He taught lessons which mankind, whether east or west, must take to heart."

Other speakers included Governors L. L. Emerson, of Illinois, and Wilber M. Brucker, of Michigan.

humor and a life in close and unconventional contact wi,h the people, held unconsciously as all great native

Murphy, C. D.

Fortunately the issue had its seer - its clear-eyed prophet of idealism - LINCOLN. As Moses stands to the Hebrew people, Socrates for Athens, Dante for Italy, Cromwell for England, so (it has been said) Abraham Lincoln stands for the highest product of American democracy. Without the American idea - without a revolutionary ancestry, a patrimony of pioneering and Indian fighting, a boyhood breathing this spirit of freedom, Lincoln could not have been.

C. D. Murphy in "The Next Century is Americas." 1938

Murphy, T. E.

I SPENT A DAY WITH LINCOLN

Little People Throng in Reverence to Abe's Shrine

By T. E. MURPHY
North American Newspaper Alliance
(Condensed From February Reader's Digest)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11—More than 1,500,000 persons come to visit Abe Lincoln every year here at the Lincoln Memorial.

Twenty-eight blocks of Georgia white marble compose the statue which is 19 feet high from head to foot. There are 58 steps up.

After the long climb, most visitors stand with hats off as they gaze reverently on the brooding figure. Occasionally a woman will wipe a tear from her eye. And there another, with red, work-roughened hands and shapeless dress, falls to her knees as she would at an altar.

"Such things happen often," comments a guard.

For, here in this historic statue by Daniel Chester French, Abe Lincoln talks with the people. The feeling is heightened as you see them reading the Gettysburg address engraved on the south wall, or the excerpts from the second inaugural address on the north wall.

A man is crouched low beside a small child and is painstakingly explaining the words. A white-haired housewife from Parker, S. D., says, "it's lovely," and dabs at her eyes. Near her is a tall young woman, a supervisor in a clothing factory in Canton, Ohio. She is more articulate. "I like Lincoln," she says, "because he was for fairness to all people."

Here is a middle-aged man—G. P. Robinson, a retired mining engineer from Denver, Colo. He says, "here's a man who wouldn't budge for minority pressures."

Behind one of the 50-foot Ionic pillars another man is reading the second inaugural address. He is Antonio Jose Coello of Honduras, editor of La Liberacion.

"For us in Central America he is the great man, the greatest. We love him for his pure ideals of freedom. We know him very well and we teach his speeches in our colleges. I always visit Lincoln when I am in Washington."

He shakes his head sadly and then says quietly, "What we need today is another Lincoln."

Turn to Page 2, Column 4, Please

A crippled young man with a cheerful face struggles up the long stairway, leaning heavily on a cane as he swings first one leg, then the other.

"Well, how do you like it?" he asks with a proprietary air. "I come here often." His name is Abe Firshmann and he lives in Washington. Then, "Lincoln was a patient man. I admire him for that."

Now sight-seeing buses are disgorging crowds. A group of school children walk in orderly twos up the steps. Their teacher is Mrs. Doris Sewell of Rockville, Md. I comment on the good behavior of her children. She says sadly, "they are quieter than they should be. It is because they are Negro children and they are in a strange environment."

Mrs. Sewell is a Negro, too. She looks at Lincoln: "He was a visionary and an idealist. But there's a lot to be done yet." She blurts suddenly, "I hate the word 'tolerance.' It's more than that. We want to be regarded as human beings—not as a difrerent species."

It is nearly noon now and the guard looks at his counter. "We'll hit over 10,000 today," he says. "Some days we have more than 50,000."

Senor Arturo Pardo of Caracas, Venezuela, an importer of textiles and a man of culture, stops before the Gettysburg address. "Look," he points. "And when he gave this magnificent address, he stopped and there was no applause, no cheers—only silence. Poor man! He turned to a neighbor and said, 'I have failed again.'"

Senor Pardo stops dramatically. "What would he say now of failure if he could see this magnificent monument, these people from all over the earth paying tribute?"

I speak to an elderly couple standing quietly in front of the statue, staring hungrily. They are shy and the woman draws back and speaks in a foreign tongue.

"My name does not matter," he says in broken English. "For 20 year we have waited. Now we see him, eh, mama?"

The sun had disappeared now and a cold autumn rain has begun to fall. Still the hordes of people pour in. A guard says, "Yes, ma'am, we dust the statue off every few days."

Here is T. Rich Reed of Rushville, Ind., a retired grain operator, who has brought his granddaughter with him. "Abe Lincoln treated his enemies with honor and patience," he says.

Soon there will be quiet here again and Abe will be alone, as he was alone in life while the bloody maelstrom of Civil war swirled about him. And tomorrow, as sure as the rising sun, another horde of visitors will come under the spell of his grandeur.

Feb 11 1950

THE TULSA TRIBUNE,

Murray, Dick

Just Before The Deadline

2-2-45
Los Angeles Journal

By DICK MURRAY

WHO was the greater president—George Washington or Abraham Lincoln?

As a topic for grade school debates, that question never failed to vex me. How could you argue about their respective merits when their personalities and the problems they had to tackle were so utterly different? It was like arguing: Which was the greater athlete—Ty Cobb or Jack Dempsey?

Somehow, Lincoln usually won the nod in these juvenile forensic jousts. Perhaps it is because Washington's generation is so distant from us—but Lincoln seems to excite much more admiration and sympathy in the popular mind.

Psychologists, no doubt, could write a long treatise on the whys

and wherefores of this favoritism. Yet there is no mystery to it. "Honest Abe" has captured America's imagination, as has no other president, because he embodied so many human qualities we Americans love and cherish.

Born in a log cabin, Lincoln ascended to the highest office in the land—that appeals to the Horatio Alger "Bound to Rise" instinct in us, an instinct which inspires every mother to hope secretly that her son, too, may some day move into the White House.

Domestic troubles galore beset old Abe. Ironically, the Great Emancipator who freed millions of slaves with the stroke of his pen could not emancipate himself from a nagging wife. On the theory that "misery loves company" this aspect of his life makes him a kindred soul to hen-pecked husbands of today.

Also, Lincoln was a great storyteller. He loved a joke as he loved a hike through the woods in his youth. Even through the bleakest days of the Civil war he would interrupt the serious business of a cabinet conference to tell one of those now-famous anecdotes. This irrepressible spring of humor which flowed from Lincoln provoked much peevish resentment among his sour-pussed cabinet members. They deemed it almost sacrilegious that the President should dare laugh in a time of such desolation and sorrow. What these carping critics didn't understand is that laughter was the invigorating tonic which kept him going despite war's heart-breaking burdens.

And now we have another President with the courage to joke and laugh in the somber face of an upset world. Roosevelt, too, is often criticized for "ribbing" his aides and the press. But he follows a glorious precedent!

Murray, J. W.

GREAT DISCOURAGEMENT

Abraham Lincoln Could Rise Again After Being Defeated

To the Editor of The Courant:—

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he ran for the Legislature in Illinois and was badly swamped. He next entered business, failed, and spent seventeen years of his life paying up the debts of a worthless partner.

He was in love with a beautiful young woman, to whom he became engaged. Then she died. Later he married a woman who was a constant burden to him.

Entering politics again, he ran for Congress and was badly defeated. He then tried to get an appointment to the United States Land Office, but failed.

He became a candidate for the United States Senate and was badly defeated. In 1856 he became a candidate for the Vice Presidency and was again defeated. In 1858 he was defeated by Douglas.

One failure after another, bad failures, great setbacks. In the face of all this, he eventually became one of the country's greatest men, if not the greatest.

When you think of a series of setbacks like this, doesn't it make you feel kind of small to become discouraged just because you think you are having a hard time in life?

J. A. MURRAY.

Hartford. Courant 2-13-41

Murphy, Capt. James P.

When Lincoln Scorned the Ku Klux Klan of His Day

Hitherto Unpublished Letter Dealing With the "Know Nothing" Party and Emancipator's Attitude of Religious Tolerance Revealed.

In the early spring of 1927, at Decatur, Ill., Mrs. Charles E. Davis discovered among the effects of her father, Edward Lusk, a letter written by Abraham Lincoln, pertaining to the Know Nothing party, which was the Ku Klux Klan of its day. Capt. James P. Murphy, U. S. A., now stationed at Ft. Leavenworth, was on duty with the organized reserves in Decatur at that time. Attracted by the discovery, he examined the letter and then began a study of Lincoln's attitude toward that form of religious intolerance as embodied in the principles of the Know Nothing party.

Research in the files of the Illinois state historical library and in the library of the Abraham Lincoln Association at Springfield revealed the fact that the Lusk letter had not been published previously, nor was it mentioned in the "Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln," by Gilbert A. Tracy.

Many original manuscripts and valuable source data were examined by Captain Murphy in his search for material for the following article.

By Capt. James P. Murphy, U. S. A.
(Author of "The Panama Canal," "Impressions of Panama and Castilla del Oro," "The Gateway of the World," "Highways of Porto Rico," "Journeys in Panama," etc.)

> I have never had a feeling politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence.—*Lincoln.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, our martyred President, early in his political career openly denounced bigotry in its most insidious form.

In 1858, the term of Senator Stephen A. Douglas was expiring and he sought re-election. June 16, 1858, by unanimous resolution of the Republican state convention, Lincoln was declared "the first and only choice of the Republicans of Illinois for United States senator."

The campaign of 1858 between Lincoln and Douglas was one of the most fiercely contested in the history of the United States, and one of the most important, in that it made Lincoln a candidate for the presidency.

Douglas was re-elected to the senate, but during the campaign the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates had been held and Lincoln became known throughout the country.

Asked About Know-Nothings.

A few days before election in 1858 Abraham Lincoln was asked by Edward Lusk, a former Whig representative in the Illinois legislature, now a stanch Republican and devoted friend of Lincoln, to write a letter to quiet rumors about Mr. Lincoln's association with the American or Know-Nothing party (the forerunner of the A. P. A. and the Ku Klux Klan of that day).

October 30, 1858, at Springfield, Mr. Lincoln addressed his sentiments on the subject to Mr. Lusk. I copy from the original letter before me:

Springfield, Oct. 30, 1858.

Edward Lusk, Esq.—Dear Sir: I understand that the story is still being told, even insisted upon, that I have been a Know-Nothing—I repeat what I stated in a public speech at Meredosia, that I am not, nor ever have been, connected with the party called the Know Nothing party, or party calling themselves the American party. Certainly no man of truth, and I believe, no man (of) good character for truth, can be found to say on his own knowledge that I ever was connected with the party.

Yours very truly, A. Lincoln.

Certified by O. M. Hatch.

With a view, no doubt, of impressing the political leaders of their own party with the sincerity of Mr. Lincoln's statement, the following postscript, addressed to S. P. Thompson, a prominent Republican of Meredosia, was added by O. M. Hatch, secretary of state of Illinois, and a devoted friend of Lincoln:

S. P. Thompson, Esq.—Dear Sir: I saw Mr. Lincoln write and sign the above letter. It is genuine. As I have said to Esquire Lusk before, I now repeat that I know Mr. Lincoln never was a member of the American or Know Nothing party.

Very truly yours, etc.,
O. M. Hatch.

Inasmuch as he was so often a candidate for public office, Mr. Lincoln said as little about his religious opinions as possible, especially if he failed to coincide with the orthodox world. However, when intolerance or bigotry crept into an issue with which he was concerned he was prompt in denunciation and merciless in castigation.

Charge Repeated in 1860.

Among other things used against Lincoln in the campaign of 1860 was the reiterated charge that he had been a member of a Know-Nothing lodge. When the charge was again laid at his door he wrote the following letter to one of his confidential political friends. I copy from the original letter as published on pages 45-47, Vol. VI, "Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln," by Nicolay and Hay:

Springfield, Ill., July 21, 1860.
Confidential.

Hon. A. Jones—My Dear Sir: Yours of the 20th is received. I suppose as good, or even better, men than I have been in American or Know Nothing lodges; but in point of fact, I never was in one, at Quincy or elsewhere. I was never in Quincy but one day and two nights while Know Nothing lodges were in existence, and you were with me that day and both those nights. I had never been there before in my life; and never afterwards, till the joint debate with Douglas in 1858. It was in 1854, when I spoke in some hall there, and after the speaking you, with others, took me to an oyster saloon, passed an hour there, and you walked with me to, and parted with me at, the Quincy House quite late at night. I left by stage for Naples before daylight in the morning, having come in by the same route after dark the evening previous to the speaking, when I found you waiting at the Quincy House to meet me. A few days after I was there Richardson, as I understood, started this same story about my having been in a Know Nothing lodge. When I heard of the charge, as I did soon after, I taxed my recollection for some incident which could have sug-

gested it; and I remembered that on parting with you the last night, I went to the office of the hotel, to take my stage passage for the morning, was told that no stage office for that line was kept there, and that I must see the driver before retiring, to insure his calling me in the morning, and a servant was sent with me to find the driver, who, after taking me a square or two, stopped me, and stepped perhaps a dozen steps farther, and in my hearing called to someone, who answered him, apparently from the upper part of a building, and promised to call with the stage for me at the Quincy House. I returned and went to bed, and before day the stage called and took me. This is all.

That I never was in a Know Nothing lodge in Quincy I should expect could be proven by respectable men who were always in the lodges, and never saw me there. An affidavit of one or two such would put the matter at rest.

And now, a word of caution. Our adversaries think that they can gain a point if they could force me to openly deny the charge, by which some degree of offence would be given to the Americans. For this reason it must not publically appear that I am paying any attention to the charge.

Yours truly, A. LINCOLN.

When Know Nothings Appeared.

Prior to the campaign of 1858 a new political phenomenon appeared on the stage of politics. As early as 1854, incessant agitation of the slavery question had weakened party cohesion. The enactment of the Kansas-Nebraska law ended the work of half a century of compromise and concession directed toward the preservation of the Union. Then did the new political phenomenon, the Native American party, more commonly known as the Know-Nothing party (so called because their members professed to "know nothing" of the political questions under discussion), suddenly put in its appearance.

From the beginning of American history, a natural distrust and jealousy of foreign influence in American politics laid the foundation of a nativistic movement. Interest varied in direct ratio to the tide of immigration. When the tide reached unprecedented heights between 1850 and 1854, organizations which before had seen only quasi-political, made politics their specialty, and built up, under the guise of a secret society, a formidable political party. During its nascent state, it contented itself by co-operating with leaders of other parties, but its influence proved so far reaching that it soon advanced its own candidates. By means of secrecy, the Americans or Know-Nothings produced startling results in elections, since neither platforms nor candidates were announced to the public.

How It Was Organized.

To understand how the Know-Nothings accomplished their ends so successfully it is necessary to examine their organization. In the earliest stages of growth, members, before being accepted into the order, were obliged to pledge themselves to support all efforts to require a longer term of residence for foreigners before the privileges of naturalization were conferred, and to oppose the election of Roman Catholics to public office. To secure thoroughness, a plan of lodge organization was adopted, and, by a system of gradation, a hierarchy was formed. Initiation into a lodge consisted of three degrees. The first was open to anyone who would subscribe to the general pledge against foreigners and Catholics; the second and third were conferred with more caution.

The direction of the order rested in those at the top of the hierarchy; a few councilors issued their dicta to the next lower grade, and so on down. Such a system was well adapted to local purposes, but as the organization reached out, the system itself broke down.

Era of Religious Unrest.

The era was one of religious unrest. The Protestants were constantly at variance with the Catholics and nursed the belief that the Catholic church aspired to temporal power in the United States. Street preachers in nearly every large city took advantage of this natural credulity and prejudiced the public mind against the church of Rome.

These external causes gave the American, or Know-Nothing, party vitality and stimulated its growth; while the close organization within gave it unity and efficiency.

Know-Nothingism in Illinois is rather elusive. Mention of it in the newspapers, prior to 1854, is usually made for the sake of party argument; never as an issue.

However, the Know-Nothing party possessed none of the characteristics which could adapt it to national organization. Its creed was neither a national nor a vital issue, for opposition to the Roman Catholic church even in that more bigoted age was restricted to a few states only, and the war upon foreigners arose from a corrupt use of them by political bosses.

Drew Many "Old Line" Whigs.

That the "Midnight Lantern" order was destined to only an ephemeral existence in Illinois was clear from the start, but it is interesting to note that the men most actively associated with the organization were the "Old Line" Whigs and the Know-Nothing organization served as a medium by which men of uncertain political affiliations found an easy transport to other political moorings.

Mr. Lincoln, though a member of the Whig party from its origin to its end, never had any connection with the Know-Nothing or American party, for he was too discreet, and, better still, he was a clever politician.

August 12, 1858, Mr. Lincoln delivered an address at Beardstown during his campaign for election to the United States senate, which was essentially directed against the Know-Nothing party and the other bigots of that time. In his speech, Mr. Lincoln expounded a spirit of true Americanism, based upon the principles embodied in the Declaration of Independence, and in his defense of these principles—his greatest inspiration—he was tremendous in the directness of his utterances, and his soul was inspired with the thought of human right and divine justice.

A Speech for Tolerance.

A part of that speech follows:

My countrymen, if you have been taught doctrines conflicting with the great landmarks of the Declaration of Independence; if you have listened to suggestions which would take away from its grandeur and mutilate the fair symmetry of its proportions; if you have been inclined to believe that all men are not created equal in those inalienable rights enumerated in our chart of liberty, let me entreat you to come back! Return to the fountain whose waters spring close by the blood of the Revolution. You may do anything with me you choose, if you will but heed these sacred principles. I charge you to drop every paltry and insignificant thoughts of any man's success. It is nothing; I am nothing; Judge Douglas is nothing. But do not destroy that immortal emblem of humanity—the Declaration of Independence . . .

They by their representatives in old Independence hall said to the whole race of men: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." This was their majestic interpretation of the economy of the universe. This was their lofty, and wise, and noble understanding of the justice of the Creator to His creatures—yes, gentlemen, to all His creatures, to the whole great family of men. In their enlightened belief, nothing stamped with the divine image and likeness was sent into the world to be trodden on and degraded and imbruited by its fellows. They grasped not only the whole race of men then living, but they reached forward and seized upon the fartherest posterity.

. . . Wise statesmen as they were, they knew the tendency of prosperity to breed tyrants, so they established these great self-evident truths, that when in the distant future some man, some faction, some interest should set up a doctrine that none but rich men, none but white men, or none but Anglo-Saxon white men were entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, their posterity might look up again to the Declaration of Independence and take courage to renew the battle where their fathers began.

The True Lesson of His Life.

This is the true lesson of Lincoln's life: Real and enduring tolerance that will survive the corrosion and abrasion of time, of change, and of progress, must rest upon strength of character. In certain brilliant and what is understood to be most desirable endowments, many Americans have surpassed him. Yet how he looms above them all! Not eloquence, or logic, or grasp of thought; not statesmanship, or power of command, or courage; not any or all of these have made him what he is; but these, in the degree which he possessed them, cojoined to those qualities comprised in the terms character and tolerance, have given him his fame—have made him for all time to come the great American, the grand central figure in America's, perhaps the world's, history.

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Kansas City, Mo. Star
FEB. 9, 1930

Murphy, L. M.

LINCOLN LED SIMPLE LIFE

Singular Traits of the Great Statesman Related by Attorney L. M. Murphy.

NEVER DRANK AND NEVER READ NOVELS

Inspiring History of a Brilliant Career Told at Celebration in Maumee.

Attorney L. M. Murphy will be the orator at the Lincoln day observance to be held at Maumee tonight under the auspices of Mitchell post, G. A. R. and the Women's Relief Corps, in the post hall.

His speech will be as follows:

Murphy's Address.

I am to speak to you about a man who never drank liquor, who never played cards, who never used profane language, who never joined any lodge or church, who never had his life insured, who never went to a high school or college, who never read a novel; about a man who never was proud and haughty, or spiteful and disdainful; who was self-taught and always self-commanded; about a man without business gifts, except to be saving always, and always poor in pocket as wealth is now; so poor, indeed, that in infancy his only cradle was his mother's arms; about a man who went but six weeks to school; who learned to spell correctly after he was grown up, bridging back, as he himself called it, by studying with his children; about a plain, patient, humble man, who chopped his own firewood, milked his cow, cared for his horse, swept out his office, spent his evenings at home with his children playing around and crawling over him, instead of at a saloon; who at the age of twenty-four split rails for homespun to clothe himself with, four hundred rails to the yard; who slaughtered hogs at thirty cents a day and was glad to get the chance; but who arose out of poverty of which he never complained, and above all discouragement, for which he never boasted, to become a legislator, a lawyer, and at last one of the very greatest statesmen, one of the sublimest characters, certainly the "tenderest memory" the world has ever known—Abraham Lincoln, called by all who knew him "Old Abe" before he was thirty-five years old, and known all over Illinois as "Honest Old Abe" before he was forty-five.

Inspiring History.

If a man of lowly beginnings attains to great glory, his origin and early life constantly command rightful, intelligent, profitable curiosity. Nothing in all biography is so inspiringly, so honestly interesting, entertaining and engrossing as Lincoln's history; but no historical artist has yet risen to paint his portrait. We find the glorious all of him on no lettered canvas. There are now no artists who paint their pages with lifelike pictures of people or events. Tacitus and Macauley seem to have left no successors. Lincoln looks from the pages of no book as he must have been. Lowell's Harvard Commemoration Ode sets him before the eyes of our plain selves in stately words, and closes by calling him "The Greatest American;" but on this commemoration day of America's most marvelous, richest gift to the world, what can Lincoln's "plain people" be expected to make of university poetry?

If Lincoln was "the first American," what, then, are we to say of Washington, and what under-thought as to him may have been in the mind of Lowell? It must have been that, rightly considered, Washington was not an American. This need be no rude shock, nor detraction from Washington's transcendent glory; and if it be said that Washington was more English than almost anyone else in the colonies, if not English altogether, it would be nearer the truth than to call him an American, with our present conception of what is an American.

Was a British Colonist.

Washington was a British colonist. He really was more English than any king who occupied the British throne from the abdication of James II in 1688, down to the accession of William IV in 1830. William III, the immediate successor of James, was a Dutch Calvinist, who never could talk the English language, whose only bond of sympathy and interest with England was his English wife Mary, his Protestant religion, and his deathless hatred and antagonism to the aggrandizing schemes of Louis XIV, of France.

The Four Georges were petty German princes of their own right, with just a dash of Plantagenet blood, adopted into the succession to the throne by an act of the English parliament to keep the Protestant line of rulers unbroken. Almost with the beginning of the Stuart dynasty, and extending far into the Hanoverian, all there was of America, as we use the name, was British—for one hundred and fifty years, was British—British in rule, in law, in literature, in politics; in whatever of art there may have been; in learning, in commerce, in manners and in fashions; and the aristocracy of it flowered almost as rankly in Virginia as in England, and was blown almost to bursting with English pride, formalism, and all the courtliness of English tradition.

The Flower of All.

Washington was the consummate flower of it all. He was a British colonist, and, so far as is known, of unmixed English blood. He was past middle life when American nationality began. With the aid of Alexander Hamilton, who was called "British" Hamilton by the first American republicans, he impressed as much courtly formalism and aristocracy on the executive branch of the government as he could during his presidency. He had been dead more than three-fifths of a century when the test was made by Americans whether the nation "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are equal," whose birth he assisted so well, should endure. Washington was "First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen," but he was not the first American, either in the sense of Lowell or in any other way.

If I should go back to Colonial days to pick an American, a nakedly unspoiled, majestic American, sure and fast getting out of the gristle of Colonialism, and hardening into the bone of independence and liberty, the selection would not be Washington.

Henry a Real American.

It might be Franklin, but I rather think Patrick Henry would be the man; mainly because he was nearest like Lincoln, like him in having the same mysterious hold on the people, like him in being above and beyond every consideration, a patriot, like him a great advocate of the rights of the people, like him without malice or pretense, simple, kind, charitable; of plain birth and lowly breeding; like him, born and raised in poverty, with education neglected, never even having touched culture or fashion at any angle; like him, a failure in business, knowing neither how to buy nor to sell; but both of them children of the fields, the woods, the winds, the streams; of storms, clouds and stars. Both were trained in the living presence of nature. Neither cared for garish display, nor had conceit or vanity. I wonder we have any means at all of knowing what they looked like. We have plenty of pictures of Washington; of him as a general, as a Mason, as President; of him grouped with his generals, with his cabinet, with his family, with Lafayette; and in about every pose and in every style of clothes,—ruffles, silver buckles, knee breeches, long waistcoat and velvet cutaway. No wonder Ingersoll said that Washington had become a steel engraving.

But One Picture.

There is, however, but one picture of Patrick Henry, and that in a garb looking as if it were the only one he ever had or expected to have; but a graphic pen (bless the writer) shows him in his old days in the same old style of clothes, the same big glasses still clinging to his forehead, sitting under a shade tree in front of his house, a water can by his side, and children playing all around him.

So would Lincoln have been in his old days, if God had let him go back to Springfield. I sometimes have thought it would be worth while to travel, until one's money gave out, and then walk some, to find a picture of Lincoln in his captain's uniform in the Blackhawk war. He got a warrant for 160 acres of land for his services in that war; which, with his home in Springfield, was all he had when inaugurated the first time. He had to borrow money to pay his expenses to Washington. The first President owned land and money enough to have sustained him as a British baronet three times over. He was the richest man of his day in this country; as rich for then as Rockefeller for us now; and as much denounced and abused therefor then as Rockefeller therefor now; and probably just as senselessly and causelessly.

The Consistent View.

Here let this be said on this centenary of the fairest man who ever struck a blow in the heartless forum of human contention: A rich man should be condemned only for being worse than what belongs to him, and should be loved and respected only for being better than what belongs to him. Any other view of property and people is inconsistent with the welfare of society and the existence of settled government.

Every man who thinks he isn't a gentleman, thinks he would like to be a gentleman; his rough idea of what a gentleman is, probably being the money some other man has, what it has done for him, the leisure it has given him, the glitter of the show he makes, his fine clothes, splendid house, sumptuous furniture and shining equipage, not probably understanding that nowadays a gentleman is a man who humanely touches human concerns. Wat Tyler and Jack Cade wanted to be the style of gentlemen whose property they were setting fire to, when they rode over England at the head of a mob bawling:

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

The men who led the soldiers of the Revolution, the men who made the constitution as it remained until after Lincoln's death, except the bill of rights, the work of Patrick Henry—all these were gentlemen, English gentlemen, men of courage, of honor, learning, authority, polish, power and with more or less of money, if you will; yet with none of our ideas of the brotherhood of man.

One at a Time.

That was either too low down or too high in the air for them, which was well enough then. One thing at a time always. Moral forces never quit working. But it was none of these that lifted the first arm and voice against the dangerous encroachments of England or her American colonists, when king and parliament combined to do here what, since her revolution of 1688, neither had dared to undertake at home.

It was young Patrick Henry, fought tooth and nail all his life by the plantation states—men and grandees of Virginia, because his was the blood of the poor, maligned to his dying day by Jefferson, who fell on his face before the French revolutionists, while Washington was trying to disentangle the new nation from them—it was this uncouth man of the people, this man like Lincoln, who struck the first blow for American independence by carrying the Virginia resolutions of 1765 against the stamp act, through the house of burgesses, discrowning the Pendletons, Randolphs, Wythes, Blands, Harrisons and all the aristocratic order of Washington.

He wrote them out on the blank leaf of an old law book because he had nothing else to write on.

An hour after having started the first fire of American lyiberty, which blazed through every colony to far-off Massachusetts, he threw his saddlebags over his arm and started down Duke of Gloucester street, of Virginia's first capi-

tal, on his way home to Hanover county, leading his bony horse and chatting with a boy as he walked along.

The Gettysburg Speech.

Lincoln wrote the Gettysburg speech on the way to that decisive field, in a carriage, with a lead pencil and the top of his stovepipe hat for a table. He afterwards said to Ward Lamon, who had been his law partner at Danville, Ill., and was then marshal of the District of Columbia, that he was ashamed of that speech, because, as he said, "I am afraid it won't wash." It is claimed that German criticism discovered that Shakespeare was the greatest of poets, and then the English found it out. Not until the Westminster Review pointed out that nothing Demosthenes ever spoke, that nothing Thucydides ever reproduced as the utterance of Pericles or of any other Greek orator, excelled the Gettysburg address of Lincoln, did we Americans "sit up and take notice."

When Thomas Hicks, an artist employed by a New York publishing house, went to Springfield, soon after the Republican national convention at Chicago, to paint Lincoln's portrait, so that campaign pictures could be struck off for general distribution, he did his work in Lincoln's law office, the sittings being between interruptions by politicians, office-seekers in the egg and clients, coming in to find out what had become of their cases.

Lincoln told Hicks that he never had had anything of that kind done for him before, but he said there were some sun pictures of him, meaning photographs, or possibly, the old daguerrotype and ambrotypes of ante-bellum days.

Art Under Difficulties.

It certainly was art under trying difficulties, but Hicks learned patience from Lincoln. Imagine that primitive law office, with its crowd of eager, jostling, crafty, neighborly, high and low, great and little, good and bad men. It was the sign and symptom of what the first Republican President was later called upon to gird himself against, and brings back the White House in 1861, swarming with office-seekers, the whole southern sky flaming with war; its baleful fires streaming up to the gates of the nation's capital; and the President's grimly humorous comparison of himself to a landlord letting apartments in one end of his tenement while the other end was burning up. Here is as good a place as any for a flash of irony, more than worthy of Dean Swift. Soon after he became President, Lincoln caught the smallpox, but that did not deter the office-seekers, so he told his attendants to bring "Em in; let 'em all come up," said he. "I have got something now I can give every one of them."

Sick or well, nobody but Alexander Hamilton ever was able to touch Washington with a ten-foot pole. After he was President, he caught "a nigger" hunting ducks on a marsh of his Mt. Vernon estate. He gave the wretched, shrinking poacher an unmerciful horsewhipping. Lincoln would have asked him if he got any ducks, told him some pointed anecdote, plain and broad enough for his rude understanding, and let him go.

Views on Lincoln.

Vitruvius Ingersoll thought a university education would have spoiled Lincoln. Hunting for a fling at his pet spites he said Oxford or Cambridge would have made a hypocritical parson or a quibbling attorney of Shakespeare. Nothing ever made or marred a genius. Lowell got the exact fact about genius when referring to Burke's comparing Rousseau to a bear to the advantage of the bear, he said no man has genius, genius always has the man. Rousseau could no more help the revolution, destruction and spoliation in his head than Burke his everlasting thundering in behalf of what is, because it was.

Seward, in one of his sneers at Lincoln, said he had a cunning that amounted to genius. Stanton, who thought his two years at college were too squalid to be referred to, because he had to work there for his board and books, refused to be associated with the rude westerner in a law suit at Cincinnati a few years before the war. He could no more appreciate his genius and the splendor of it, because of the lack of pretense of Lincoln, than the cavaliers of Charles the First could see what was within the clownish exterior of Oliver Cromwell. McClellan ignorantly trifled with the patience of Lincoln, who kept this civil engineer at the head of the army of the Potomac as long as he did, to satisfy the honestly mistaken whims and honest prejudices of eastern war Democrats, and to help hold the border slave states to loyalty.

Commanding Skill.

Nothing shows Lincoln's political genius better than the commanding skill with which he held Kentucky, Maryland and Missouri in the union. The secession of Kentucky, his native state, would have broken his heart. Civil Engineer McClellan fortified Washington elaborately, complicatedly, extensively, completely—frown upon frown of wall, mound, traverse, bastion, ravelin outer and inner lines, scientifically as Vauban in the 17th century, piled up such things on the levels of Belgium for European armies to camp around. Lincoln could not understand the need of so much work and time and waste of army resources and materials. McClellan took him through and over the whole vast show of scientific defense, and in explanation of it, told him that it was done so that if this outer line should by any human probability be taken, and this inner line should by any human possibility be taken, and the next inner wall should beyond any human possibility be captured, that then and then, etc., etc., etc. Shades of Sancho Panza, and the waste of lather to shave an ass! Lincoln replied that all this reminded him of a conundrum some of the fellows loafing around his old grocery store out in Illinois used to cudgel their brains with, which was: "Why does a man have breasts?" It was finally disposed of by the conclusion that a man has breasts because if, contrary to all human experience and probability, if, beyond all human possibility, a man should happen to have a baby, he would have breasts to nurse it with.

His Idea of a Bishop.

Lincoln said of Charles Sumner: "I don't know much about bishops. We don't seem to have much use for them out our way; but Sumner is my idea of a bishop." The great and lordly bishop of anti-slavery agitation bore down on Lincoln one day to insist on the appointment of a Massachusetts man to some office of considerable political consequence. Lincoln flatly told him he would not do it; he was going to appoint a man from another state for the reason, said he, if I don't appoint so and so, there are several powerful Republican politicians in that state who will not only make trouble for the party, but for the union also. Massachusetts I can always depend on. She don't need to have offices and appointments to keep her loyal to the cause. Could anything have been dearer and sweeter to the magnificent loyalty of Massachusetts? Of course the bishop gave in.

Was Justly Pleased.

Macauley was greatly and justly pleased when Francis Jeffreys, the dictator of literary criticism at the time, wrote him that the more he thought the less he could guess where he got that style. Henry Watterson asks, "Where did Lincoln get his style?" and answers, "from inspiration." Well, where did Rousseau get his style? Where did Pascal get his style? Where did Bunyan get his imagination? "Fiddlers are born, not made." Anyone who has a light to read by may know that Webster, answering Hayne, is Demosthenes skinning Aeschines, having left his vitriol at home, until he comes to the last page; until he comes to his pleading peroration for the Union. Then the organ notes of Milton are in his heart; then he is sustained and inspired by the strength and the splendor of his mastery of Paradise Lost.

Lincoln's utterances "fall on the ear with the accent of some golden-tongued oracle of the wise gods." Where he got his sunlight, his pathos his unearthly sublimity, is as unanswerable as the origin and fate of the supernatural creatures of Greek mythology. Whence the sunlight of this: "They (the authors of the Declaration of Independence) meant to set up a standard maxim of free society which should be familiar to all, constantly labored for, and, even though never perfectly attained, constantly approximated to, and thereby constantly spreading and deepening its influence and augmenting the happiness and value of life to all people, and all colors everywhere." Whence the pathos of this?

Chords of Memory.

"The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearthstone in all this broad land of ours, will yet swell the chorus of the union when touched again, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Whence the unearthly passion of this? "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. But if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be repaid an hundredfold with that drawn by the sword; as was said three thousand years ago, so still must it be said: The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." "Who was this that came from Edom; with dyed garments from Bozrah; red in his apparel; sprinkled with blood * * * ?"

The Post Standard
Syracuse, New York
February 12, 1965

Plain, Simple, Honest

By CONNIE MYER

He was known for his plainness, simplicity and honesty.

These facts come through as we observe Abraham Lincoln's birthday today, the 100th anniversary year of his assassination, and recall some of the lesser known facts about the great President.

Take this for an example of Lincoln's refreshing candor:

In true political ballyhoo, at a Republican meeting in 1860, two men appeared carrying fence rails labeled, "Two rails from a lot made by Abraham Lincoln and John Hanks in the Sangamon Bottom in the year 1830."

Lincoln, always the politician, had a good answer for that one. He confessed he didn't know for sure if these were the actual rails he had split, but he knew he'd done some every bit as good.

'Pa Split Rails'

So the tradition of Lincoln, the rail splitter, was continued. The tradition was so widely known that his little son, Tad, was to say, "Everybody in this world knows Pa used to split rails."

These facts, as described in historian Richard Hofstadter's "The American Political Tradition," point up Lincoln's ever-present realization that he was a "common man."

An uncommon man in his accomplishments, of course, but a common man in his origins.

Lincoln visited Syracuse once, on the afternoon of Feb. 18, 1861, less than a month before his inauguration as President. Only 29 years before, after no formal education, he had been daring enough to first try his hand at politics in running for the state legislature at the age of 23.

His preparation for this aspiration was the following odd jobs: Ferryman, surveyor, postmaster, storekeeper, rail splitter, farm hand and volunteer in the Black Hawk War against the Indians.

He was not chosen for office the first time, but was elected two years later to the lower house. Meanwhile, he continued studying law, and after his first term in the house was almost over was admitted to the state bar.

Not on Platform

His 29 years of political life and campaign for the Presidency in 1860 must have tired Lincoln, for when he came through Syracuse that day in 1861 he was too exhausted to occupy a platform the city had erected for his use.

The platform was at Vanderbilt Square, about a block from the railroad tracks on Washington St.

But Lincoln's humor came through, even in all his fatigue that day. The Syracuse Daily Standard quoted him as saying he hoped his refusal to get up on the platform wouldn't be regarded as an indication he declined to stand upon another platform. By this he presumably meant the Republican Party platform.

Four years later, on April 25, 1865, his funeral train was to pass through the city along the same route, but headed in the opposite direction—to his grave in Springfield, Ill.

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frown of wall, mound, traverse, bastion.

Myers, Dr. Garry

Lincoln Gained Knowledge, Understanding Thru Books

By GARRY MYERS, PH.D.

LINCOLN was born in a log cabin near Elizabethtown, Kentucky, on a Sunday morning, February 12, 1808, one hundred forty-two years ago. It wasn't much of a house. The cracks between the logs had been filled with mud much of which on drying, had fallen out, leaving great holes. It had a dirt floor, no windows and the one door was a hole covered with a bearskin.

Here Abe Lincoln spent his first seven years. Naturally, he learned to talk the dialect of his parents and neighbors. The mosquitoes were "skeeters," the creek in which he played was a "crick." He "bung" in wood and water. He "et" dinner. He teased his sister for being "skeered" of a snake.

THRU THE WILDERNESS.

When Abe was seven the family moved thru the wilderness to Indiana where the father Tom Lincoln had bought land from the U. S. government for two dollars an acre. Here their home was a little better than their cabin in Kentucky. Yet it had a dirt floor, no windows and only one door, thru which a person could pass by stooping. Abe slept in the loft, and leaves and cornhusks made his mattress, but he had a bearskin to pull over him on cold nights.

In Kentucky Abe had learned to write his name and he wanted to go to school here in Indiana. He and his sister walked to school nine miles away. The father saw no sense in walking so far just to learn to read and write and cipher but the mother encouraged Abe to go. Altogether Abe went to school only about four months. Yet with the help and encouragement of his mother he learned to read and to love books. He soon borrowed and read all the books within miles of his home.

READ ALOUD.

His mother often read aloud to him from such great books as Robinson Crusoe, Abrabian Nights, Pilgrim's Progress, and the Bible, which he also read over and over to himself and he often read aloud even after he had grown up. He kept saying: "The things I want to know are in books. The best friend I have is the man who'll git me a book I ain't read."

When Abe Lincoln was about ten and his sister Sarah 14, their mother died. Many months later Tom Lincoln went to Kentucky and brought home a stepmother for the children, one of the most wonderful stepmothers of all time. The new wife and mother was a widow with three children. No doubt these children added to the family greatly contributed to Abe Lincoln's character and personality. Like his real mother this stepmother encouraged Abe to read books and helped him get books. The books read to and by the boy Abe Lincoln help explain the long, long way he came from the early crude speech to his use

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Myers, Gary C.

The Parent Problem

By Garry C. MYERS, Ph.D.

In the first place Abe Lincoln had a father, a mother, and a stepmother of very high ideals. Their notions and habits in respect to truth and honesty, and consideration for the rights of others, were most extraordinary.

The stern necessity of the rugged frontier life of Abe's boyhood made rich contributions to his character, although thousands of other boys with similar pioneer experiences never became Abe Lincolns. He must have had good stuff in him to begin with; but without his peculiar boyhood experiences and the influence of his parents the world might never have heard of him.

He just naturally learned independence and responsibility—two traits which few modern children have the opportunity to acquire.

His real mother read to him, it seems, a great deal from the Bible, and in her loving, tender way urged him to go to school—telling him as he used to go each morning, "Abe, you go to school now, and learn all you kin." Kissing her, he said, "Yes, Mammy," and hand in hand with his sister, took the nine-mile walk through the woods, where bear, deer, coon and wild cats roamed. The mother's attitude means more when we know that the father thought it was "a waste of time to send the children nine miles to school just to sit with a lot of other children and read out loud all day."

After Abe quit the school, where he learned a little readin', writin', and arithmetic, he continued to study. He taught himself with only a fireshovel for a slate, charcoal for a pencil and the flickering flames of burning logs for light.

He was always reading when he found the opportunity. Among the few books at home were the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, Aesop's Fables and Poems by Bobby Burns. Where in all the world can we find better books today? Not having so many he read them over and over. Here we find a secret of his simple, forceful style of speech and writing later.

He once told his cousin, Dennis Hanks: "The things I want to know are in books; my best friend is the man who'll git me a book I ain't read." John Hanks, who worked with Abe in the fields and woods, said: "When Abe and I came back to the house from work, he used to go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn bread, sit down, take a book, cock his legs up high as his head, and read. When Abe had a chance while at work, or at the house, he would stop and read."

* * *

How we wish our boys of today were to read as Lincoln did, and read things as good as those he read.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if your boy or girl or mine could take a morning walk with Abraham Lincoln? They can do the next best thing—come into his presence by reading or hearing the story of his life. A good book from which to read to your child from five to eight is Brooks' "True Story of Abraham Lincoln." For the older child to read alone—"Boy's Life of Lincoln" by Nicolay, and "A Boy Scout's Life of Lincoln" by Ida Tarbell.

Read and talk about Lincoln to your girls as well as boys. Emulating the immortal Lincoln, let us adults go on in our efforts to increase our education.

[illegible]TON N. J. GAZETTE
FEBRUARY 12, 1930

Myers, Garry C.

THROUGH A CABIN DOOR

BY GARRY C. MYERS, PH. D.

(Head of the Department of Parent Education, Western Reserve University, member of American Education Research, author of "Learning to Be Likeable," "The Modern Parent," "Building Personality in Children," etc.)

Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin in Kentucky, on Sunday morning, Feb. 12, 1809, 10 years after George Washington was buried. This cabin had only one room, one small window of greased paper, and the ground was its floor.

Abe's father was Thomas Lincoln, who could not read and could merely scribble his name. His mother, Nancy Hanks, could barely read and no one has ever found a copy of her signature. In those days very few people who lived in the wilderness could read or write. If Lincoln's parents were living today they might be very well educated.

Dr. Garry C. Myers

Abe had a sister, Sarah, about two years older than Abe. They had a baby brother who lived for only three days. Dennis Hanks, Abe's uncle, who was about Abe's age, lived with them.

Abe's mother died when he was 9. A year and a half later he got a stepmother, aged 31 (Mary Todd), who consented to marry his father only after he assured her he would pay the debts she owed. He paid every cent of them.

Brought Cheer and Books

The new mother brought cheer and sunshine to the orphaned children. Though she could read very little herself she brought books with her which Abe read. She also brought along three playmates for Abe and Sally about their age—two daughters and a son. Abe's father did not have much use for "eddicat'n," but the stepmother did her best to encourage Abe in his wish to learn. Years later she told a friend:

"I induced my husband to encourage Abe to read and study at home, as well as at school. . . . Abe was a dutiful son to me always and we took particular care when he was reading not to disturb him and would let him read on and on until he quit of his own accord."

She also said that Abe would often copy things he read that he liked very much and would bring them to ask her opinion of them. She also said, "Abe ciphered on boards when he had no paper or no slate and when the boards would get too black he would shave them off with a drawing-knife and go on again. . . ."

Sense of Humor

She had a sense of humor and could laugh and have fun with the children. One day while she was out, Abe got some small boys to wade in the mud, then he carried them upside down, one at a time, into the house and had each one make footprints on the newly-whitewashed ceiling and rafters. When the stepmother came home, she told Abe she did not mind cleaning the mud from the floor when he carried it there with his feet, but she wished he would keep his head clean so as not to rub the mud from it on the rafters.

Later she said of Abe:

"I can say what scarcely one mother in a thousand can say. Abe never gave me a cross word or look and never refused in fact or appearance to do anything I asked." No doubt this was quite as much a compliment to her as to him.

Lincoln, after he became a man, told a friend, Mr. Chapman, of "the encouragement he had always received from his stepmother. . . . She had been his best friend in this world and that no son could love a mother more than he loved her."

How About It, Father?

Most who read this column are women—mothers. Recently, I have been delighted at the number of letters which begin with, "My husband and I have been reading your column regularly." More letters, too, are coming from fathers and more letters by mothers are referring to the eager efforts of the mother and father to work together to guide the children; and to the many ways in which the father is sharing the mother's load, caring for the young children. More letters, furthermore, are telling of father-son companionship. Truly, such letters encourage me very much.

I do not expect all of my readers to agree with what I write. Indeed, I gain many new ideas from those who write me disagreeing. But I am eager that if one parent reads my column the other also will; that both also read and study together other articles and books for parents; that they, moreover, enter parent study groups together and together attend lectures for parents.

Be Tactful

When only the mother reads or hears such matter and attempts to apply some of the suggestions, she soon meets with conflicts if her enthusiasm for the idea is not shared by the father, especially if he should ridicule it or treat it with contempt.

It sometimes happens, indeed, that the father will resist a new idea about guiding the children just because the mother was over-enthusiastic about it. No matter how workable the idea, if the mother's enthusiasm about it suggests to the father that his wife is trying to correct his shortcomings and educate him, he will unconsciously build up resistances to it.

No husband welcomes being told, even by implication, by his wife that he is inferior to her or that he is being educated by her. Nevertheless, if she can adroitly make him want to read an article or book to her while she is busy ironing or mending, say, how graciously he will strive to help to educate his wife. Incidentally, while he is so helping her, he might absorb a little of what he reads himself.

Blessed is the child whose parents together read and plan and study, seeking ways and means of being better parents, furthering a happier family.

Co.